

Into the Woods (Mystery Kids 2.0) by theinkspotch

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Genre: Crossover, F/M, M/M, Multiple Crossovers, POV Multiple, seriously theres so much stuff in this oml

Language: English

Characters: "Lazy" Susan Wentworth, Bill Cipher, Coraline Jones, Courtney Babcock, Demogorgon (Stranger Things), Dipper Pines, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Gregory (Over the Garden Wall), Gregory's Frog | Jason Funderberker, Grunkle Stan | Stanley "Stanford" Pines, Jesus "Soos" Alzamirano Ramirez, Lucas Sinclair, Mabel Pines, Michael Wheeler, Mike Wheeler, Norman Babcock, Perry Babcock, Sandra Babcock, The Other Mother, Waddles (Gravity Falls), Will Byers, Wirt (Over the Garden Wall), Wybourne "Wybie" Lovat, the unkown (over the garden wall)

Relationships: Coraline Jones/Wybourne Lovat, Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Norman Babcock/Dipper Pines, Possibly more but idk yet

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Summary:

These kids have seen the true bizarreness of the world. From crazy alternate universes, to zombie apocalypses, they've defeated their respective demons one by one. But what happens when they all end up in Gravity Falls, Oregon, the shadows of their pasts trailing behind them?

The ultimate crossover: Stranger Things meets Paranorman meets Coraline meets Over the Garden Wall in Gravity Falls.

1. Visions (Norman)

Summary for the Chapter:

The visions were only the beginning...

Chapter 1: Norman (Visions)

It had only been three weeks ago, when the nightmares started.

At the time, Norman Babcock thought nothing of it. He was a 14 year old boy, after all - he lived and breathed horror movies, and not just the terrible 80's ones either. The terrible new ones, too - he didn't judge. For him, having a dream about Dracula chasing him around or an evil clown trying to eat him was just as normal as anything.

Which is why he didn't realize they were more than just scary dreams until it was too late.

His dreams weren't bad at first; just endless woods. Large trees for miles and miles, zooming by like Norman was watching on a television screen, rather than actually being there. But then they started to feel...real. Too real. Norman could feel the breeze on his skin, hear the crunch of leaves under his shoes as he walked.

And in time, he discovered that the woods were not a quiet place. The trees grew faces and tried to whisper things in his ears. Their branches snagged on his clothes like they were trying to grab ahold of him. But that wasn't all. There were things...things lurking in the shadows. And Norman could never see them until it was too late, until he was being devoured, or choked, or driven into madness. And that wasn't even the worst part. The worst part was when Norman woke up, never remembering what the monsters looked like, only the feeling of dread and fear that stayed with him all day. At night, he

was afraid to sleep, and during the day he was jumpy and nervous. Every shadow Norman saw, he was sure there was something lurking in it, waiting for the right moment to attack; every time he was alone, he could feel a little prickle on the back of his neck, like somebody was watching him. Even the ghosts seemed on edge. They didn't walk around town as much anymore, and they shied away whenever Norman tried to talk to them.

"There's a shadow over this town, Norman," his grandma told him grimly when he mentioned it to her.

"What do you mean?" He'd asked. For some reason, the fact that even his fearless ghost grandmother seemed a bit paranoid sent all his hairs standing on end.

"There's something...here. I don't know what it is, but it's here. And it's getting bigger and bigger by the second. I can feel it. We all can."

Norman figured his parents must've felt it too, because one day, they randomly called him and his sister into the Babcock living room.

"I think we could all use sometime out of Blithe Hollow," his mother said, glancing worriedly at him. "So we're going to visit your aunt Susan in Gravity Falls, Oregon!"

Courtney *was not* happy about that (she'd never been one for being trapped in a car with her family for more than an hour). "You're kidding, right? That's like, on the other side of the country!"

"No, we're not kidding," Norman's dad said, not sounding very happy about it himself. "So get packing. We're leaving as soon as possible."

Norman hadn't said anything about it. For all he knew, maybe taking a family road trip *would* clear his head.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey, So that was the first chapter! If you liked it, please leave a comment or kudos!

2. Frequencies (Mike)

Summary for the Chapter:

She's gone, Mike knows that now, but he still can't bring himself to take down that pile of blankets sitting in the corner of his basement...her fort

Notes for the Chapter:

Just in case you were wondering, yes, it is still 1984 in Mike's time, which means he is in a different time zone than the others at this moment.

Chapter 2: Mike (Frequency)

Meanwhile, back in 1984...

"Michael Wheeler, why aren't you packed? We're leaving tomorrow!"

Mike stared at the empty suitcase his mother was holding out to him and groaned. This was it. The thing he'd been dreading since the last day of school. Every summer for the past 2 years, his family took a trip to some cushy cabin in the woods of Oregon for quote, unquote--*family bonding*. It was the closest thing to a tradition the Wheelers had.

"Mom, do I have to go? I can just stay at Dustin's house or something."

His mother sighed, and Mike knew what was coming. "Honey, are you sure you're okay? You know you can talk to me."

The boy glanced at the fort he had refused to take down for almost a whole year. Her fort. He didn't want to talk about it. "Mom, I'm fine, okay? I...I just don't feel like going this year."

"Well if you're okay, then you're going," his mother said firmly, already heading back up the basement stairs. "Go up to your room and start packing, please."

And then she was gone. Mike sighed and collapsed onto the basement couch. He had this stupid idea that if he kept telling people he was okay, then he would start to believe it too. But then he would remember the way she looked the last time he saw her. How sad, and sick her face was, that broken look in her eyes; and he would realize he probably wasn't ever gonna be okay. 'Goodbye, Mike', she'd said. Why did she have to go and say it like that? Even now, he could still remember the sound of her voice as she uttered the words; a broken whisper. Mike covered his ears, like that would stop him from hearing a voice that had been permanently etched into his memory. *Goodbye, Mike*. Like she'd be gone forever. And maybe...maybe she would be, but he didn't want to think about it. Mike knew he wasn't the only one who missed her; Lucas and Dustin were sad she was gone too, but Mike didn't think they blamed themselves for her being gone, didn't think they had trouble saying her name, not like he did. Because *Mike* was the one who'd made her a promise, and *Mike* was the one who'd broken it. Not them. But he knew that didn't mean that they weren't affected by what had happened.

Will still had nightmares about it.

Or maybe they were called...Daymares? Mike didn't know. He just knew that they happened during the day, when Will was awake. Like, one minute he was regular Will Byers, arguing with Dustin about which series was better: The Amazing Spiderman or Spectacular Spiderman, but then he would...change. His eyes would glaze over, and he would shake and scream. No amount of yelling from the other boys would make him snap out of it. He'd scream until he fainted. And he'd wake up a minute later, looking like he did when they had first pulled him from the Upsidedown, barely alive.

"I'm fine," he'd say, trying to smile, because he's Will Byers, and Mike and Dustin and Lucas, even Joyce all knew he was tired of being treated like a baby, even though that's exactly what he needed.

And Dustin wasn't eating much anymore.

Mike remembered when he'd noticed it for the first time: it was Taco Tuesday that day, aka Dustin's favorite day of the week. But he hadn't even showed up for lunch. Afterwards, Dustin made up some story about having to make up a math test, and they'd all believed him. But then he stopped going to lunch all together. Nobody really realized what was up with him at first, but it soon began clear to them as Dustin's baby fat started to melt off more and more with each week. It was like...he'd lost his appetite, not just for tacos, but for everything, all at once, which is something Mike thought would never happen. They were all worried about him, but every time Lucas tried to say something about it, Dustin would brush him off. "Dude, your just jealous that I'm gonna be getting all the ladies pretty soon," he'd say, and then two of them would start to bicker, previous topic forgotten.

And Lucas was very good at hiding whatever he was trying to hide, because Mike didn't even think anything was wrong until a few weeks ago when the four of them went to Lucas's house to hang out. They went up to Lucas's room, to discover the entire space barren of everything except a bed and a dresser. The posters that had previously lined the walls were gone, the boxes of comic books that had been sitting in the corner of the room where nowhere to be seen. Even the Star Wars bedsheets were gone, replaced with plain ones.

"You moving or something?" Mike asked.

"No," Lucas said. "I just wanted to live in the real world for a change." That day he hadn't really seemed into their conversations the way he usually was, and when they were discussing conspiracy theories he'd snapped at them.

"Don't you get it?!" Lucas spat, slapping the Batman comic book out of Will's hand. "Our lives...They're made up of a bunch of lies, dammit! We were all so stupid to believe in these books - these stupid books that say we can fight evil and save the world and still come back in time for dinner and be normal! Because we did it - we fought evil! We saved the world! And - and look at us! Who's...who's gonna save us?"

That's when Mike first realized Lucas was broken too.

They all were.

Mike looked over at her fort again. It was exactly the same as she'd left it, the radio was still propped up against the pillow, still on the same frequency she'd left it on. Mike had decided that if she ever did come back, the walkie would be all hers. She deserved it more than he ever had, after all.

He walked over to it and hesitantly picked it up, tracing the buttons with the pad of his thumb. Sometimes, when he was sure nobody was around, Mike would turn it on, and he would pretend she could actually hear him; that she wasn't gone, she was only in another room, on another walkie. He would talk for as long as he could, telling her about movies that were coming out, or super heroes he thought she would like. Halloween costume ideas had come up as well - Mike promised that if...*when* she came back, they could be Han Solo and Princess Leia (he blushed at the thought). Sometimes, he'd just tell her about his day, things that had happened. And on the day of the Snowball, he'd sat in that fort and apologized over and over again, hoping that somehow, she could hear him. He apologized for being mad at her all those times, for not saving her the way she'd saved him so many times before, and for not taking her to that stupid school dance like he promised he would. It was stupid, of course, everything was so stupid, but it was pretty much all Mike had to cope with.

"Mike!" His dad called from somewhere upstairs. "Your mother said she wants you to pack."

That was followed by an exasperated sigh from his mom, who had probably been hoping for actual discipline from Ted Wheeler.

"I know! I'm coming!" Mike called back. He started to set the walkie down, but an idea came to him. He turned it on.

"Hey...it's Mike...just letting you know that I'll be in Oregon for the summer, and I'm not really sure if the frequency works there...so if you don't hear from me, that's why..."

Mike glanced at the fort one more time and sighed.

"Over and out."

He turned off the walkie and stuck it in his jacket pocket before starting up the stairs.

3. Nightmares (Coraline)

Summary for the Chapter:

Its been months since Coraline defeated the other mother. But that didn't stop her stupid, disembodied hand from haunting her dreams...and possibly her reality...

Chapter 4: Coraline (Nightmares)

Coraline Jones hadn't the slightest idea where she was.

Scratch that - she did, in a way. She was standing in an exact replica of her room, only it was dark, and cold, and it felt like every breath she took was poisoned. The furniture was covered in something slimy and disgusting. Coraline wrinkled her nose. This was *not* her room. But she couldn't help but wonder: If it wasn't her room, then...what was it?

She jumped when the dead silence was interrupted by a sound she knew all too well: the sound of pointy fingernails tapping, tapping, tapping against a hard surface. Coraline immediately thought of the Other Mother's hand. Just the thought of it being in the same room as her made her shudder. *That's impossible*, she told herself. *I...I threw it in the well. Its gone.*

But her resolve crumbled as the sound got closer, echoing against the walls, tapping, tapping, tapping. Coraline's breathing was getting more ragged by the second. She felt as if her lungs were ready to burst in her chest. That thought didn't help her keep calm. She frantically looked around, trying to figure out where it was, but the sound was coming from all directions, echoing in her head.

"I'm not scared of you," she called out, feeling *very* much scared. "I

defeated you once, and I can do it again!"

Suddenly, in a flash of metal, the twisted, disembodied hand jumped out at her, grasping Coraline's throat and squeezing. The girl made a noise that sounded like something in between a scream and a wheeze and fell to the floor, the hand latched on to her neck. Coraline clawed at it, desperate for air, but it seemed the harder she pulled, the less she could breathe.

She couldn't call for help, she couldn't do anything. There was nobody to save her now. No smart mouthed cat, no button eyed boy. Coraline was all alone.

And she was going to die.

Then she heard something. The low menacing laugh of the Other Mother echoed throughout the room just as it became too painful for Coraline to breath.

"*Coraline*," its coaxed.

"*Coraline...*"

"Coraline!"

The sound of her mother--her *real* mother's voice ripped her out of her nightmare. She jolted up, gasping for air, sweet, sweet air. Coraline scanned the room, making sure it was hers, and not some weird alternate dimension's. Non-slimy drapes? Check. Breathable air? Check. Coraline sighed in relief, lying back down in her bed, her *own* bed. This was definitely her room.

"It was just a dream," she mumbled to herself, remembering the twisted hand and how it choked her. Still, it all felt so...*real*. Her throat still burned...

"Coraline! You're breakfast is getting cold!"

"I'll be down in a minute!" Coraline called back, trying to regain control of her heart rate. The nightmares had been getting worse lately, and she couldn't understand why. The hand was broken at the bottom of the well, the Other Mother trapped in the other house...

right? Coraline shook the thought of an alternative out of her head. Of *course* she'd defeated the Other Mother. She was just being paranoid. Coraline sighed, rolling out of bed and going over to her closet to get clothes. She just wished she had someone to talk to about all this. Wybie was useless - even if he *did* know about the Other Mother, there was still so much he didn't understand. She still hadn't really told him anything about the other Wybie for some reason.

And its not like Coraline could go to her parents. What would she even say? *Last fall, you guys were kidnapped and trapped in a snow globe and I saved you by defeating the evil spider lady. I chopped off her hand and locked her behind the little door and now the hand is haunting my dreams! Yay, therapy!*

Coraline scoffed. Yeah, like they would believe her.

"Coraline!" her mother called again. The blue haired girl rolled her eyes. "Alright, alright."

She quickly threw on a pair of black jeans and a navy blue T-shirt before dashing out of her room. When Coraline got to the stairs however, she slowed down, tiptoeing down each step. Usually, she could hear snippets of her parents conversations, like what she was going to get for her birthday (it was next month). But today, she heard something awful.

"...should probably get packing soon," her mother was saying. "We need to leave before tomorrow."

"We'll break the news to Coraline as soon as she comes down," her father agreed.

Coraline frowned. What were they talking about? Where were they going? She put a hand over her mouth to stifle a gasp as she realized what was happening. Were they...moving?! Before she knew what she was doing, Coraline was already running downstairs, yelling the whole way.

"We can't move! Are you kidding me!? I'm just starting to like it here! And summer just started! I refuse to leave this house, you're gonna

have to drag my cold, dead--"

"Woah, slow down kiddo," her dad interrupted. "Who said we were moving?"

Coraline stopped mid yell and narrowed her eyes.

"Then what was all that talk about packing and 'breaking the news to Coraline'?" she said, making air quotes with her fingers. She was met with blank stares. And then something weird happened. Her uptight, flower cataloging parents *started...laughing*. Confusion flooded Coraline's mind.

"Am I missing something here?" she asked, tilting her head all the way to the side (she'd only started doing it to tease the black cat, but it had sorta become a habit).

"Yes, actually. You are," her mother said, wiping a tear from her eye.

"We're not moving, Coraline. You're mother and I just got word about these strange unknown plants and--" her dad started.

"We've been chosen to catalog them," her mother interrupted. "We're all taking a trip to Gravity Falls!"

Gravity Falls, huh? Coraline had never heard of the place, but it sounded interesting enough.

"And," her dad continued, only to be interrupted once again. "We talked to Wybie's grandmother and she said he could come along," her mother finished. Coraline's eyes widened. "Really?" she asked in disbelief. She didn't know Mrs. Lovat all that well, but she did know one thing: the old woman was very protective over her grandson. Coraline remembered when she had first moved into the Pink Palace a few months back. Every time Wybie so much as went in the direction of the apartment complex, Mrs. Lovat would be there, calling his name. She *did* have a good reason for it, considering the Other Mother had been at large at the time, but Coraline still found it very hard to believe that she would let *precious little Wybourne* out of her sight. Her parents both nodded, and the blue haired girl grinned. They were going on a trip *and* Wybie could come along? Her parents really *had* come through! She ran up to them and hugged them both.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

Her father ruffled her hair. "Thank the flowers, kiddo."

Her mother picked up Coraline's plate of cold eggs and bacon and put it into the microwave. "Okay now wash up, Coraline. You're neck is filthy."

She nodded and dashed over to the restroom. She had to start packing! She had to tell Wybie! Coraline turned the light on in the restroom and checked the mirror to locate the dirt on her neck. But what she saw wasn't dirt. Her breath hitched in her throat as her shaking fingers traced the bruises on her neck; long, crooked bruises that curved around it, claiming it. Coraline backed away from the mirror, Gravity Falls dispersed from her thoughts. Maybe she was imagining it, but Coraline could almost hear the twisted hand, tapping, tapping, tapping away.

4. Danger (Norman)

Summary for the Chapter:

The Babcock family has arrived in Gravity Falls, and Norman's visions are getting stronger.

Chapter 5: Norman (Danger)

Norman made the mistake of falling asleep during the car ride to Gravity Falls.

His dreams were a blur of nightmarish images; a strange puzzle, an eye, a locked door, a person engulfed in branches. He woke up in a cold sweat.

"Norman, honey. Are you okay?" his mother asked. He could see her eyeing him worriedly through the review mirror.

"Uh-huh," Norman managed to choke out, running a nervous hand through his shock of brown hair.

"We're almost there, you can take a nap at your Aunt Susan's."

Next to him, Courtney groaned. They'd been cooped up in the family station wagon for three days (not to mention been forced to stay at several disgusting motels and truck stops) and she wasn't exactly the life of the party when she was bored.

"You said that, like, 300 times already, mom!"

"I know, honey," their mother said, sounding quite tired herself.

Courtney groaned again and slumped in her seat. Meanwhile, Norman turned to look out of his window, staring blankly at the trees zooming by. Just like in his nightmares. Now that he was looking at them, they looked *exactly* like the trees in his nightmares, but he was too tired to make any sort of connection between the two. Norman sighed and pressed his forehead against the cool glass of the window. He just didn't understand where they had come from, or why he was still having them. He'd even stopped watching horror movies all together, which was the equivalent of a regular person quitting *breathing*. Norman was in desperate need of a cheesy zombie movie, right now. But he just...couldn't. He was just so tired... Norman's eyes started to feel heavy. Maybe just one little *nap*...

Danger, somebody whispered in his ear. Danger, Danger.

"Its about freaking time!"

Norman jerked up, hitting his head on the car ceiling. "W-what happened? Where are we?"

The fact that Courtney actually looked worried about him - even if it was only for a split second - freaked Norman out, but she managed to cover it up with an eye roll.

"Where do you think?" She jabbed a perfectly manicured finger at the window nearest to him. Norman looked out of the window again, rubbing the spot on his head that had hit the ceiling. They were driving through the streets of a small town. Gravity Falls, he guessed. Well, that was quick. It had only seemed like a few seconds since Norman fell asleep. The town seemed nice enough, the streets lined with little stores and businesses. It was around early morning at the time, the sun barely showing itself in the sky. People - the early risers - walked about the sidewalks on either side of the street. A pair of dorky looking cops sat in their car drinking out of to-go cups. Just another regular, boring town. Norman took comfort in that. No zombie apocalypse had ever happened here, he thought. But for some reason he couldn't shake the feeling of dread, like someone, or rather *something* was watching him. Norman tried to think of something else. *I'm just being paranoid*, he told himself. But no matter how much he repeated this in his head, there was still some part of him that had alarms going off.

Danger, danger!

5. Family (Mable)

Summary for the Chapter:

Mable loves her weird little family.

Chapter 6: Mable (Family)

"Wendy...I feel the same way," Dipper mumbled in his sleep, hugging his pillow like it was his true love.

Mable stifled a giggle as she placed a spoon on the rim of his hat. They were settled in the Mystery Shack gift shop, Dipper snoring at the old-timey cash register. They were supposed to be working - Grunkle Stan made them get up at 5 in the morning in order to get the Mystery Shack ready for 'those idiots who take sleeping in for granted' as Stan liked to call them. That was two hours ago. Now, they were just waiting for tourists to show up. Well, *Mable* and Soos were. Dipper was sleeping.

"Dude, we just put like, 23 spoons on your brother's head," Soos whispered. "That's gotta be a world record or something."

Mable giggled. If it was a world record, Dipper would be famous! And even better, she'd be famous by association!

"We should take pictures of this momentous occasion," she agreed, grinning. Mable ran through shop and up the creaky old stairs to the room she and Dipper shared to grab her camera.

"Come on, Waddles," she called to the chubby pink pig lounging on her bed, happily chewing on one of Dipper's shirts. The pig oinked and hopped off the bed, following her down the stairs where Soos was waiting. Mable set up the camera and went over to sleeping Dipper. "Silly faces!" she whisper shouted.

click

"Sassy faces!" Soos said.

click

"Oink, oink!" That was Waddles.

Mable and Soos pretended to be pigs as the camera took their picture again. The rosy cheeked girl giggled. She really did love her little family: Dipper and all of his dorky quirks. Soos, who'd become sort of like an older brother to her. Wacky Grunkle Stan and his crazy schemes. Waddles, her precious baby and partner in crime. And Wendy, the cool, older sister who gave great advice. They were all kind of weird, but they all fit perfectly together like some kind of weirdo puzzle. She could ask for nothing more in life. Well, she *could* use a boyfriend, but that was beside the point. Mable didn't want anything to ever change for her little family.

"Why is it that every time I leave to use the bathroom for an hour, you kids stop working?" Grunkle Stan asked loudly, barging into the room wearing nothing but a tank top and his boxer shorts. And judging by how loud his voice was at the moment, he hadn't turned on his hearing aid, either. The sound seemed to wake up Sleeping Dorky. The spoons clattered to the floor as Dipper jumped out of his seat.

"Wendy Pines," he sputtered. Mable laughed. Just then, Wendy walked in, late for work, as usual.

"Waddup, dudes," she said, leaning against the door frame, that days tabloid tucked under her arm.

"What? Nothing's up! W-we were just, doing nothing!" Dipper squeaked, his face red. Mable stifled a giggle, sharing a sneaky look with Soos.

"Dipper's a weirdo faces!" she shouted.

click

"That one's definitely going in the scrapbook," she said, taking the final polaroid photo out of her camera and shaking it.

"W-what the heck, guys!" Dipper complained, causing Mable and Soos

to laugh.

"Alright, enough talk about Dipper's issues. Or else we'll be here all day," Grunkle Stan interrupted. "Now its time to cheat some tourists! Who's with me?!"

"Yeah!" Dipper, Mable, Wendy, and Soos shouted together.

6. Nothing to See Here (Coraline)

Chapter 7: Coraline (Nothing to See Here)

Coraline pressed her face to the car window, squinting to see something, *anything* even slightly interesting in the distance. "I spy...a tree."

"Come on, Jonesy," Wybie told her. "You already said that one."

Coraline turned to face her friend so that he could see her roll her eyes. "Well do you see anything else, *Whywereyouborn?*"

They'd been driving for about 4 hours and she was starting to get antsy.

Wybie only laughed in response, shaking his head as if to say 'Oh, Coraline. What am I going to do with you?' before turning to look out the window. Coraline looked out of her own window and studied her friend through the corner of her eye. He sat hunched over, his gloved hands constantly moving; drumming on the window, tugging at his curly hair, rustling through the many pockets of his trench coat. He could never just *sit still*. He was still the same annoying Wybie he'd been since the day they first met, but things were different now. They were...friends. Best friends, even. They'd become quite close over the past year, her, Wybie, and the black cat. They'd camped out in the garden of the Pink Palace (although Wybie chickened out half way through the night and had to go home), and they'd spent a lot of time exploring the woods around the apartments, taking painfully embarrassing pictures on Wybie's old camera. *Whywereyouborn* - among other rude nicknames - was a term of endearment on her part, although she would never willingly admit it to him. She vaguely wondered if Jonesy was too. As far as she was concerned, it was. Whenever Wybie called her by that stupid nickname, little bubbles of warmth burst in her chest, making her feel all...*happy*. It was annoying to think that Wybourn Lovat could make her feel like that. But she sure was glad he was coming to Gravity Falls with her.

"I spy..." Wybie started. "A sign! Jonesy look!"

Coraline unbuckled her seatbelt - earning a 'Coraline Jones!' from both of her parents - and scooted over to Wybie's side of the backseat. Sure enough, there was a sign a little ways ahead, just close enough so that Coraline could read the words.

"Gravity Falls," she read aloud. "Nothing to see here."

Well *that* sounded suspicious. She looked at Wybie, who gave her a lopsided grin.

"Looks like we made it, Jonesy."

Coraline glanced away from him, her face suddenly warm. Stupid Wybie and his stupid smile.

"I-it *does* look that way, Whywereyouborn."

As they zoomed passed the sign, Coraline felt the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. She spun around to look out the back window, and what she saw gave her a mini heart attack. There was a girl standing in the shadows cast by the Gravity Falls sign. Coraline could just make out the curly hair atop her head and the raggedy pink dress that hung off her body before she blinked, and the girl was gone.